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Waiting for Circus Animals' Desertion

A True Story of a Cryptic Spiritual Zoo in the Rag-and-Bone Shop of My Heart

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I started writing this paper questioning if timeless messengers rather than timeless messages—however inspiring—are the most direct way towards Self. This transpersonal question, instead of being definitely answered, led me to rather painful inner travel through some personal and global problems—documented herein.

*Costumeless Consciousness—
That is he—*

*...He dare in lonely Place
This awful stranger Consciousness
Deliberately face—*

—Emily Dickinson (1976, p. 617, p. 574)

INTRODUCTION: ARCHETYPES LEAVING, ARCHETYPES
COMING. WILL THIS BE A GROUNDHOG DAY STORY?

I HAVE THOUGHT about my stopping publishing so many papers about all the zoomorphic archetypes of a personal mytho-bestiarium. Some independent friendly outer sources have also hinted at this. With regard to publishing regular journal papers along these lines—yes!—I would agree that it is high time to change my mind. Still, I would rather keep the zoo growing in one way or another. Giving some vague but discernible shape to the formless, writing silly name tags and adding corresponding descriptions into my archetype journal—all this armchair fieldwork has become a part of my peri-omega existence of the past several years. I can only hope that this evoking and naming game will find some justification in the Ground's timeless eyes and some graceful place in its messengers'—eternal groundhogs'—timeless displays. At least I am looking forward to a certain amount of kind patience. Some amused tolerance indeed seems to have been the main answer to my activities of the last seven years by the basically good-natured visible (and invisible) surrounding

world. No wonder, possibly these guys have no time to pay any serious attention to me; they have their own serious business going on—having great private and public consequences, in some cases, for the whole Universe. (But, at the same time, busy or not, among all the other things, they seem to be also involved 24 hours a day in teaching me the great art of navigation towards Self. How do they manage to do it? Thank you, friends!)

FACING THE PAST: ON HYBRID STRUCTURES.

THERE IS an important point that was not explicitly conveyed in the papers of mine concerned with my personal archetypes and myths (Soidla 1995a,b,c, 1997a,b, 1998a,b,c,d, 1999a,b; cf. Feinstein & Krippner, 1988; Andreev, 1997). This is the hybrid nature of the messengers of the Timeless. The ancient Egyptians obviously had a clear understanding of this. They depicted gods as having human bodies and animal heads. The same is true of many other ancient cultures. These god images are essentially mixtures of timeless material with personal life stories and culture. The images of course are symbolic—mythological

dreams and visions do not necessarily combine different heads and bodies. The blending is done on a more subtle level and only subsequent analysis can reveal the hybrid structure of this kind of material. The same is true of my personal set of archetypes. Like a child who would like to draw a hat and glasses onto a photo in a newspaper, one can mentally add some visible signs of hybrid nature to my archetypal gallery of animals to be closer to the inner truth behind these images.

HOW DID THEY COME TO ME—THESE PSYCHOPHYSICAL ENTITIES AND WHOLE?

I HAVE WRITTEN down several stories (Soidla 1998a,b,c,d, 1999a,b) of how archetypal mythological timeless material has come into my life. I would like once again to note that each time this has been a complex process involving mental, intuitive, emotional, and physical events. This is controversial stuff, as in a way it can be perceived as touching upon the issue of the reality of the world we live in. As any fundamental claim would stir up a lot of emotions that will not be very helpful when dealing with things like personal versions of archetypes, let's pretend that all these physical consequences just do not exist, even if they seem to be clearly hinted at. Future science will deal with them one fine day. My papers must be considered as only an attempt at a soft description of complex phenomena taking place during timeless interventions into my life story.

Archetypes have approached me as vague concepts or odd events or even quite clear synchronicities (Jung, 1973) referring to some older memory material. This usually activates my attention energy. In the situation of heightened attention energy level a lot of unusual things seem to surface at once: more synchronicities, including rather bizarre physical displays, especially memorable dreams, ideas that seem to answer my questions to the world. No great wonder that when one is attentive one sees more. Yes, but one who has undergone these kinds of experiences knows that the flow of unusual events seems to be quite out of proportion to one's usual ways of functioning in the world of everyday reality. Different events look like different parts of *huge invisible wholes that have entered one's personal space*. Dreams comment on intuitions; synchronicities expand the borders of ideas. There is great intensity in this new style of flow of events (in one's personal life

story) that one auspicious day infects one's very reality. When dreams seem to prepare one for unusual synchronicities of the following day, it feels as if the physical laws of the Universe are no longer obligatory—the world is vibrant and alive with unusual possibilities.

Isn't this feeling of flow the same that has created religions? Can this special state of high intensity—sometimes breaking barriers of physical reality—indeed continue for whole nations during hundreds of years? One can read the Old Testament and decide. But even on a personal scale these special periods are impressive. They create not only feelings of awe and wonder, they bequeath many great stories that one would like to retell to people again and again. They also create meanings and values that will remain as a new foundation of one's psyche for the ensuing quiet, normal periods of life. The processes of creating one's personal mythology material (most likely based on inherited latent timeless seeds) taps (and activates) remarkable sources of life (or whatever) energy. It can even seem that the set of events and concepts that has forced its way into one's life story is some other side of this energy flow. And at the same time, this process in the human mind is essentially self-describing. Yes, often, quite contrarily, it just provides a provocative silence and inability to communicate some most important new basic intuitions, that paradoxically—like a call of Another—will stir other souls. But often it also provides new metaphors, ideas, images, that help one to come to terms with this new (self-created) stuff of one's consciousness.

Great Consciousness, enormous are your wonders!

Thank you, Timeless, for these precious gifts.

WHO NEXT? WITHIN A NARROW CLERIHEW...

WHO WILL be the next messengers of the Timeless to teach me some important lessons before the personal omega point darkness will swallow me? I mentioned Groundhog, a titular animal of the remarkable movie *Groundhog Day*. The film is about a set of experiences that keeps being repeated in the hero's magical new "Groundhog Day reality" until he manages to make some real changes in his psyche. A great film, reminiscent of a similar story—*Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*—by Ouspensky

(1948), entitled, by the way, in the Russian original version as *Cinema-drama*. Or will I experience my next major archetype only after passing the dark tunnel of my personal omega, *out there*?

Then there is the green (or pale or whatever) apocalyptic horse (Vолохонский, 1999) whose more peaceful realization can feel rather enchanting, as in the scene of carrying off the bride in the recent movie *Life is Beautiful*. Yes, but we remember what followed, suffering was lurking there, around the next corner; and also the great display of human dignity, the great gesture of a jester's stoicism, so close to some deep instincts of our soul.

When I was writing the first paragraph of this *Who next...* part of my paper, Javanese sparrows outside my window created such a noisy but tender chirping display that I went to the window to look at them. Now a dove repeats a single word with unearthly emphasis. What is the message?

Another one-word message of these days has been much more clear but not too close to my archetypal Zoo world. A bird keeps coming to our yard to repeat *Christ, Christ, Christ...* in a clear shrill voice.

WHAT IS THE MESSAGE? WHO IS THE MESSAGE? SOME TABLOID STUFF ON THE TIMELESS.

POSSIBLY ON some mock "hard eyes" level (Leonard, 1978) one must see the world of synchronicities in the following way: Magic animals, humans, demigods, gods—we are all messages to each other in the great play of Consciousness. (As on the physical level we are caressing, chasing, picking up, killing, eating each other; on the emotional level—loving, hating, despising—whatever else. A shocking economy of the timeless in all this global share of time! *Shocking, like all the timeless material, seems to be at the rational ego-centered mind level.*)

Do the levels interact? Suppose a message to you arrived late—because the messenger, say, a bird, on the way to you noticed a message to me (a worm) and stopped to eat it. And should I also consider the case of a possible quarrel between electrons in my computer? Invisible forces leading these messengers must usually be precise, holistic, and safe. But possibly not always. Yeah, the feeling of being led by an invisible force seems to be rare among contemporary people. But this is most likely just due to the suppression of the knowledge of one's connection with the Timeless in contemporary minds. This means that these people

must be just acting as messengers on another level, an unconscious one. Maybe this way it works even better, and civilized twentieth-century people are still better vehicles of messages of great Consciousness than people of previous centuries more involved with concepts like fate, God's will, and so on, coloring the messages with heavy personal and cultural material. At the ego-level it certainly feels this way.

A FINGER POINTING TOWARDS THE SUN AND MOON.

WE ARE all inhabitants of the field of consciousness. Searching towards the source of one's thoughts and of one's free will one will encounter the ego. But there is the source of the ego itself, and this is also a deeper source of one's will, intuitions, creative thoughts. Are there really two wills, etc.—two of anything else? One usually does not see it this way. Being in the ego world, only ego seems to be real. When one is with Self (Anonymous, 1972) one no longer sees any ego and there is again only one source of will and creativity—of course a different one. It is in the twilight zone of spiritual quest that one has all these questions of two wills. Spiritual search, by its nature, is dualistic and it is exactly the very dualism that must be overcome. *Spiritual quest is a state wherein one is closer to Right Understanding, but more separated from the One Reality.* In a state of quest one asks reasonable questions but is least able to apprehend the right answers. A quest breeds paradoxes, fantasies, dreams, and nightmares.

Maybe one could put it this way: A small moon, the human ego is—so that if one grows capable of pointing (during the rare minutes of a "spiritual eclipse") with a finger towards both Moon and Sun, the tiny moon ego will become invisible, like a small dark spot on a huge disk of the flaming Sun (Self, Source). But what about seeing through a narrow window many strange people on the field pointing towards something up there (the Sun, that is not visible to me)? Nothing is wrong viewing the seekers this way. And nothing is right—because one does not see the only thing that brings meaning to this scene.

A MESSENGER I WAS NOT WAITING (READY?) FOR.

I HAD AN illusion of being ready for almost any messenger. The dream I had the night after writing the previous (*A finger...*) paragraph shows this not to have been the case. In my dream I was informed that a distinguished alien visitor would

appear, but I must be prepared—this visitor being a toad. (I must possibly add that two weeks ago I purchased a brown wooden toad necklace for my wife.) I had a crazy first thought that I, of course, shall be ready, but what about my fellow citizens who most likely would feel contempt? I felt some sadness about this distinguished visitor who will certainly meet some savage misunderstanding here. The person arrived. And what? There wasn't the slightest possibility of misunderstanding. A powerful stream of compassion of an unquestionably great (but for this visit clearly restrained in its capacity) mind reached me and my fellow countrymen. It was the great presence of a great personality who led the mental exchange with me and the other people who were present, leaving no place for any ambiguity. We felt a bit unprepared, a bit lost. Half-pictures, half-concepts, were involved with this dream, but also a considerable amount of novelty. And then we had one more visit—this time by an even more distinguished but a bit more formless and more powerful visitor. At this point the lesson became a bit "melted" as the dream began fading.

Such a sequel to my power animals archetypes was a somewhat unexpected development, possibly demonstrating that the archetypes I speak about command a lot of intelligence, compassion, presence, and even personality of their own. It became obvious during my morning constitutional that this dream was really one that belongs to the realm of great dreams. There has been a mysterious person, presumably living nearby, whose reality seemed to be under some doubt. At a theatre, he had approached me and the Ss—my friendly hosts in Honolulu—and claimed to have seen us every morning during our walk. We, on the other hand, did not remember having seen him and during the following several weeks there was no trace of him around. But the morning after this memorable dream, he made a glorious appearance—accompanied by his wife and two dogs. His emergence—as if from nothing, or rather from the dark realm of our doubts—was a powerful statement of the existence of hidden realities. I noted earlier the dream and wakeful synchronicities' complexes that seem to convey an especially overwhelming message of the presence of the Timeless (Soidla, 1995c, 1998d). Just a reminder about the Timeless is itself a most important message among any possible timeless messages.

PASSING THE RAG-AND-BONE SHOP OF MY HEART, PASSING THE SPIRITUAL ZOO, REACHING TOWARDS THE SOURCE.

HAS THE new messenger already arrived or must I wait for another one? Stating it this way suggests some obvious parallels between what I am saying and messianic thinking. But maybe all of this is not too important. *Personal archetypes are passing, circus animals deserting* (cf. Yeats, 1996). Human life has its, often most painful, end. One can feel nostalgic for awhile for one or another archetype, as for some other powerful visible or invisible images of human experience. It all passes away. What remains is the Timeless, hinted at more or less explicitly by the images one has confronted. Feeling the presence of the Timeless, of the Source...is the only thing that really matters: I would just like to add, that for me, the messengers these days have been more important than their messages. Their very existence points so clearly towards the immutable presence of the Timeless. But again, what really counts is only the Timeless. Only one's real Self, Source.

Thank you Source...

Thank you, messengers of the Timeless.

Good-bye?

THE FIRST CIRCLE OF IMPORTANT CORRECTIONS. PERSONAL AND GLOBAL LEVELS SPEAKING ABOUT SUFFERING. A FINAL TESTING GROUND. COMPASSIONATE TOAD OF THE OMEGA REALM, TENDER FINCHES, NOW I UNDERSTAND A BIT MORE ABOUT YOUR MESSAGE.

I WANTED TO stop at this Good-bye, maybe just to add some commentaries. Once again my misunderstandings were compassionately but forcefully corrected. A cluster of events came upon me: a recurring malfunction to S's computer that I am using; a persisting nasty irritation in my mouth; and for a day or two even the doorknob of my room in S's house went crazy so that I had difficulty leaving my room. Some other less notable problems also occurred. And messages within messages. But all these mostly symbolic events were preempted by the news about the Kosovo crisis erupting (March of 1999), a real globalization of the idea of everything going wrong. Every day brings news about some escalation of low-tech and high-tech hostility and human suffering in this

region. Does this tremendous whole that seems to be entering my life, marked by this constellation of events, this message—as if of the Timeless—tell me something very bad about my (or our common) personal future? Maybe yes, but I would not like to take this as a final threat. (And, of course, every one of us will die one day.) But, yes, it changes the context of what has been written above. Particularly, I was not quite ready to say: The message is nothing—the messenger (and the implied contact with the Timeless) is everything. Yes, this was certainly an overstatement given the current level of my spiritual progress. Obviously many messages of consciousness can divert me into thinking more about physical reality than about the Timeless.

This is not only my personal problem. The history of religions demonstrates how often obscure but powerful messages have been created on national and transnational levels and have led people's minds into dogmatic stagnation and to obsessions with blood and religious powers. Knowing the power and the obsession-creating potential of *these* messages—who can blame the people? Restoring the original purity of impulse has demanded the greatest (trans)personalities like Buddha and Jesus to appear. Yes! Messages of the Timeless can also get mixed with dangerous personal stuff on the smaller scale of just one's life story. These hybrid structures can be very powerful, but too dark to follow safely. It is better to develop some subtle discrimination. Perhaps, in my striving towards the Timeless, I must be aware of the continuous universal flow of compassion to keep my consciousness pure and await these complexes to dissolve on their own. Our attention is so easily attracted to such complexes, but in the absence of energy provided by fear and frustration (and in the medium of purified consciousness) sooner or later they will shrink—whatever the status of grim predictions or obsessions they seem to carry. Let the navigational art of the Timeless-related sea of personal life story come to help me.

Of course, at the same time, all these reminders are certainly preparing me for some grim personal realities on the way to reaching the inevitable omega point. Most likely the forthcoming suffering will not directly touch the people close to me—but then how much of suffering takes place every minute in our world, even in seemingly peaceful days. Personal or global—will it really be so

different? Suffering, one day, just finds its way to one's mind. This time it came with dark global events. Will it be mastered? Will I be able to drink of the Timeless even in the emerging dark admixtures containing so much heavy material of my own personal and general human condition? Questions, more questions. In the real time of writing these very words the bird came again to tell me: *Christ, Christ.*

Source, thank you for everything. Teach me, help me to reach your presence in my journey towards the personal omega point.

Timeless Source, teach me to deal with suffering, grant me an unobstructed view of you, a pure perception of your bell when it rings...

MIT BOMBEN UND GRANATEN. SILENCE.

THE WORLD is a place of great currents of suffering these days. It has always been this way. It is I who has been most often not thinking about it. The world is. Suffering is.

The Timeless is and isn't. This is the only something I know beyond suffering and beyond being.

This knowledge has not yet been tested in any extreme ways. Nor, I'm afraid, will I be able to communicate the results when suffering takes hold. But then each of us learns in his/her own way.

Bon voyage, friends!

Thank you again, messengers of the Timeless.

Thank you Ramana bells, resonating with deep OM.

Thank you, compassionate omega messengers of our suffering who are always present "behind the filmiest screen."

Thank you silence.

Christ, Christ, Christ, says the bird.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER ILLUSION—OR WHAT?

PATHETIC PARAGRAPH endings—even when provided by life itself—can be impressive, but one must not be misled into believing that some final truth has been reached. After a few minutes, hours, or days, anything that seems to be finally clear and obvious is always followed by some unexpected twist of the plot.

I wanted to finish my paper, the last part of my transpersonal Hawaiian journal (see also Soidla, 1999a,b) with the ecstatic “words” of the real bird whose synchronistic timing had been perfect. This decision was reinforced by an auspicious sign: just when I wrote down the last words of the paper, my friend S brought to my room a compact disc of Ioannis Koukouzelis, a composer of very beautiful Byzantine church music. I was in a very special mood, full of hope that the meaning of all the world and personal suffering I was perceiving during this first week of the Kosovo crisis (and of my own illness and other quite ominous synchronicities) will now be made clear and resolved by Christ. The figure of Christ has always been close to me, but still not occupying the very central position in my mind that would help me to make some long overdue, important final change in my life. But now all synchronicities seemed to take a new happier turn: even on the cover of the CD that S gave me, I immediately noticed a beautiful mosaic of Constantinople with a central, resurrected Christ figure in white—quite fitting for the coming Easter days. But I decided, at first, not to use the Koukouzelis episode in my paper. The bird sentence made a wonderful final point and the impression could be spoiled by additional words. Even apart from the paper—it seemed that speaking about the episode would dilute and in a way devalue the powerful spiritual experience I had.

I was filled with hope and decided that I must not fall into any spiritual trap at my coming visit with the fifty or so University of Hawai‘i students taking transpersonal classes: I must clearly declare my Christian identity. Did I succeed? Yes and no. I had some of the eagerness of a second-time neophyte, no doubt, but my old self still coexisted with the new center. On a surface level, several times I had a feeling of having gone wrong somewhere. This was when I spoke about obvious shortcomings of organized religions (both in classes and afterwards talking with individuals). The question is, had I succeeded with some real *Metanoia*—fundamentally changing my mind—would these critical words concerning historical religions have been left unsaid or stated in a different way? Raising these questions is not very productive because it isn’t the details but the situational *context* of these words of mine, the overall gestalt of my actions, that can reveal what was really happening. And possibly what will happen. The story is not yet finished.

Anyway, the next day or so S casually mentioned to me that he had not really given the Koukouzelis CD to me, it was just on loan. No problem, but I was unable not to perceive this event as symbolic—a kind of departure of the dear figure. Here my story was assuming a quite unexpected and unpleasant twist. During the same day, before going to bed I discovered that the white cross that I always wear (given to me by my wife) was gone, somehow fallen off unnoticed earlier in the evening. I could not escape the sad feeling that my reunion with Christianity had taken a somewhat wrong turn. I was plunged back into feeling that everything was as ominous as during the first days of the Kosovo crisis that had coincided with my personal crisis. I searched for the cross but was unable to find it.

During that night I had a strange vision. My yoga training provided me with the ability of triggering colorful inner visions by directing sexual energy “upwards.” Difficult to explain, but easy to do once it’s mastered. (My mastery of this technique is certainly limited [Soidla 1995a,b,c].) I direct my energy this way half-automatically in a dream and then awake to some hypnagogic borderline sleep-state. This time it obviously happened again, but the energy this time felt different. At least when I saw the emerging image, none of the usual sexual arousal was present. I saw part of a brow and two closed eyes of an obviously dead man. I was not able to change the framing of this image, so I cannot relate any other details. A source of light like a bright small lamp in a dark room was glowing in the upper left corner of the picture—its glow was intensifying to an almost painful point as I realized that it was in some way connected with the spiritual power of the vision. I was lucid and conscious of the date being the Friday night of Easter week, so I was quite aware who must be dead in this vision. I felt this meant that the help I was badly in need of was hardly available, but nevertheless I asked for help, sealing my prayer with an inner promise to live the life of a good Christian (my spiritual materialism quickly calculated this to be a realistic promise). Then some energy compassionately entered my neck and throat filling them with soothing warmth and tingling. Here I fell asleep.

Were these events telling me of the illusory nature of my spiritual life? Were they severing my remaining ties with Christianity? Was it a

warning telling me to be very attentive, very mindful, so as not to lose something that is most important? I have been trying to follow the last version of the message I got (of being more mindful—a good thing in any case), even if really all three and possibly some more meanings were communicated. During my morning walk I was making the sign of the cross (as if to replace the missing cross on the physical level by its symbolic counterpart in my consciousness) every time I remembered my loss, my problems, or the atmosphere of Easter that fills these beginning days of April with the Timeless.

A few days passed. During Easter Sunday, I suppressed my bad instincts that were telling me to do some work. I tried to keep my promises. So I spent this day in a moderately “transpersonally correct” way. Superstitions (or are they warnings of our metaphysical instincts?) can be really effective mindfulness bells.

My health problems have not gone away. Kosovo is still a reminder of suffering for me and for all of us (succeeded and amplified by Chechnya with a different political background but the same human problems). But the white cross mysteriously reappeared a day later when I was looking through my clothing in a closet. Suddenly, the cross was just there, on the floor. I put it on immediately. *Thank you!*

THE WORLD ORCHESTRA

Circus animals are leaving. Shadows grow.

“When Bells stop ringing...”

Christ, Christ, Christ, says the bird.

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